



Paris may be the recognized center of the world of fashion, but it is no longer necessary to go there to see the perfectly dressed woman, as Mrs. Trollope once declared.

There is quite as much wealth and luxury, quite as much refinement of manners and physical grace in the New World as in that gay and frivolous city.

The fashionable American woman is rarely willing to accept the French styles without considerable change and modification.

note that her dinner and reception dresses have steadily maintained their simplicity of makeup, relying upon the elegance of material to attain effects. I was

struck by the simple style in which one gown was garmented, and yet the effect was altogether charming. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more lovely gown than this very one, a pale blue satin, with a collar of pleated cream silk gauze, and ruffles of the same on the bottom of the sleeves and skirt, the centre being of cream satin.

Besides satins, Louis XV. brocades and the heavy Louis XVI. failles are extremely modish for evening wear. These elegant fabrics are frequently set off with silk, or with multi-colored pearls in byzantine style.

The over-the-shoulder evening costumes are either of silk muslin in two colors, black or white tulle spangling with spangles or stars, or of gauze dotted with metal butterflies.

Florid in French Felt. A curious material, that can be described best as felt straw, is seen in imported hats. It is made of quarter-inch wisps braided.

Circular pieces of felt are pinned into any hat or bonnet shape desired. These come in plain and in intricate designs. The felt is pinned into an old-time poke, and

trimmed with a big gold buckle and black quills. Felt raveling, in the mixture of colors seen in the boucotte tweeds, makes some odd, furry looking turbans.

White felt crocheted with a white silk cord makes a hat that is trimmed in hunters' green velvet, white plumes and ribbons.

Perforated felt is used for little bonnets, cut in queer shapes, and interlaced with self-colored chenille. Tucked felt, exactly copying the tuckeds wool, is fashioned into bonnets, the trimming matching the tucks, which are lighter in shade than the ground, as a brown felt with light tan tucks and tan trimmings.

Bright colored felt bonnets are braided in contrast-outlines, as scarlet with black, green with tan.

Needlework on White Linen. Thistles, clovers, buttercups, sweet-peas, orchids and narcissus are flowers most seen in needlework done upon white linen.

The thistles are worked in their natural colors, with the foliage of the plants in soft grayish green, even those who see no beauty in live thistles are charmed. A set of doilies worked with a continuous border of small morning glories, with their vines and tendrils and the flowers all in their natural colors, has been wrought in a net of stitches that make them resemble skeleton flowers. Many of the new doilies are without decoration in the center, and have a border of embroidery as near as possible to the fringed edges.

One very pretty set has the fringe cut away in each corner, and in the center of each side, where there is a cluster of flowers done in solid embroidery.

Fashion Flatterings. GRACEFUL princess coats of ribbed velvet are worn with skirts of cloth or silk.

SOME of the new French dress skirts show a row of tiny trails alternating with very narrow bands of velvet or gauze.

FIGURES are much worn, being made of almost any material one may have on hand, or may feel inclined to purchase. Lace and ruffles, plain and embroidered chiffon—anything and everything go to make up these ornaments.

BETTERNESS or butternut-brown of a decidedly reddish shade, appears among some of the rich fabrics of the season. It is often used by ladies' tailors for elegant visiting dresses of corded silk and plain velvet, camel hair, velours, bengaline and ladies' cloth.

More elaborate than ever before are the silk petticoats designed for evening wear. One model that is of green and crimson shot silk has the lower edge alternately filled with red and green silk.

Narrow ruffles of black lace with the upper edges threaded in with white ribbon fall over those of the silk.

THERE is such a variety of modes from which to choose this season that all figures can select the style or dressing which best accords with their requirements. There are the Empire and Directoire waists for slim figures; trim, tailor-made coats, in English fashion, for stouter forms; princess models, which are the most popular, for the average figure; besides the comet skirt and long-waisted French bodice, which impart an attractive asymmetry to the general effect.

A FAIR COMMITTEE STRIKES. They Quit in a Body Because Their Labor Congress Programme is Spoiled.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—The ladies on the Labor Congress Auxiliary to-day resigned in a body. The reason given by them is that the programme for the labor congress, over which they and committees of laboring men had worked for the best part of a year, was practically ignored by C. G. Bonney, President of the Auxiliary.

LATE NEWS IN BRIT.

—Yellow fever is spreading in Venezuela. —Mrs. Langtry is worse and may not recover.

—The Mississippi is about frozen over opposite St. Louis. —The New Alliance Governor of Kansas will enforce the prohibition law.

—A suspended opinion value of \$12,000 was seized in San Francisco yesterday. —The private banking firm of W. W. Trull & Co., Toronto, has suspended, owing \$20,000.

—One man has been killed and five seriously injured in the Calumet mine in Colorado. —Before the end of the present week a new asphalt plant will be put in operation in Baltimore.

—An apparently inspired article in the St. Petersburg Voice Fremya disparages a French alliance. —Irish Home Rulers are excited over a report that Le Caron, the spy, is investigating the Dublin explosion.

—Diplomatic friends at the City of Mexico are loth to believe that his troops have been whipped by the rebels. —Dr. Butterfield, of Kansas City, who became a member of the Congress, was a miser during his life.

—Navigation on the Rhine, Moselle, Neckar and Main rivers, in Germany, has been stopped by floating ice. —A complete opera entitled "King Lear" has been found among the manuscripts of the deceased composer, Liszt.

—The result of the Breckenridge divorce trial in San Francisco is a vindication of Mrs. Stoneham, wife of the ex-Governor of California. —If negotiations now under way are carried out, a consolidation of the elevated railways of Chicago will soon be accomplished.

—Female convicts in Siberia are to be exempt from dogging and wearing manacles. Punishment by restricted diet and isolation will be substituted. —The Universal Radial Drill Company, R. W. Flack, President; F. G. Marsh, Treasurer, has announced. Assets are estimated at \$30,000 to \$40,000; liabilities the same.

—For courageous services in repelling train robbers near Huntington, W. Va., \$100 was given to the Chesapeake and Ohio Company. —State Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, denies the report that he is going to bring suits for libel against certain newspapers for what he terms their persecution of him during the last campaign.

—While Cincinnati doctors were dissecting the supposed corpse of a man who had apparently fallen dead in a saloon, blood burst from his nostrils, and he was believed the surgeon's knife killed the man. —The differences between the Baltimore and Ohio officials and the Grievance Committee of the locomotive men have been settled by the signing of a wage scale which makes an average increase of from 8 to 12 cents per week.

—Amos H. Hosmer and Edward W. Rouse, grand officers of the Iron Hall organization, recently indicted by the grand jury of Indianapolis, were arrested at Baltimore yesterday, in obedience to a request of the Justice of Police of Indianapolis. —John L. Conover, counsel for the Central Railroad Company, has filed his answer to a Attorney General's bill for an injunction against the Reading Coal Commission. The answer denies that the Chancellor's orders were disobeyed in any respect.

—Wednesday at Indianapolis Cora Griffith spent her last dollar for a dancing lesson. At the supper time she ordered a restaurant and begged something to eat, then went to her boarding house, swallowed an ounce of carbolio acid and died in an hour. She had been disappointed in love. —Charles Macelberg, a skilled iron worker of Pittsburgh, is in Cincinnati trying to find his father. His father, who was 83 years old, he has spent several years in the search, and has at last met his mother in Germany and will bring her home.

—James Dunlap, the Northampton bank burglar, whose pardon was signed by Governor Russell, fled to a restaurant and hid in a rooming house in New York City. He was arrested at 9:45 o'clock yesterday morning, and left on the Boston and Albany express for New York City, accompanied by his lifelong friend, Mrs. Mary Scott Rowland. —An unknown American at Monte Carlo lost \$2,500 belonging to his mother at the gaming tables. The last coin was gone he walked quickly to the cashier and from Nice threw himself in front of an approaching train. At 3 miles from the unknown gambler lost all he had and blew out his brains soon after.

—There is trouble ahead for prominent men connected with the Sinaloa colony of Americans in Mexico. The projector and head of the Tinajas Altas scheme is a New Yorker, and he has been notified to appear before the Board of Directors at Enterprise, Ariz., January 7, and make arrangements to protect the 600 colonists now there. Attorney General Rosendale, of New York, has submitted an opinion to the Secretary of State in the application of the Wells-Fargo Express Company to transport an express business only in that state, the company now being incorporated under the laws of Colorado to do several branches of business. He holds that a certificate should be issued.

—Tuesday Jacob Collins tried to force his way over the Newport and Cincinnati bridge without paying toll. Joshua B. Harrison, the tollkeeper, tried to prevent his passing. A struggle ensued, toll collector Harrison struck Collins with his fist. Collins died a few hours later. Harrison was tried for murder Wednesday, and the jury acquitted him without leaving their seats.

A Child Enjoys The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Tylenol, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be laxative or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KAUFMANN'S DRESS... REMNANTS MUST GO AND GO AT ONCE.

OUR THANKS TO OUR MANY PATRONS FOR FAR AND AWAY THE BIGGEST HOLIDAY TRADE IN OUR BUSINESS HISTORY.

FOR NEW YEAR GIFTS We have hundreds of novelties just opened. Came in too late for the Christmas trade—ready for New Year. Something that the Christmas shoppers have not seen.

THE COMING YEAR Will find us just as attentive, our goods just as reliable, our assortment even larger, our prices even more reasonable than last year.

STOP THAT SMOKE. Parties really wishing to see the city free from smoke go and see what is being done in the boiler room of the Fidelity Title & Trust Co.'s building, Fourth Ave.

KAUFMANN'S DRYGOODS DEPARTMENT. We emphasize this fact, since the usual run of remnant sales held by Pittsburg and Allegheny drygoods houses are no more than a mere offering of a lot of old, shopporn, unsalable goods—made attractive by applying the word "Remnants" to them.

KAUFMANN'S DRYGOODS DEPARTMENT. Smithfield, Corner Diamond Street. BRASS FRONT. MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE PARTING SHOT TO THE OLD YEAR. As a fitting climax to our previous efforts we now offer you the choice of any \$22, \$20 or \$18 suit or overcoat in our stock for \$14.50.

OUR PARTING SHOT. Look to your interests and take advantage of our \$14.50 sale of Suits or Overcoats.

Every purchase made in our ESTABLISHMENT if not perfectly satisfactory can be returned and the money will be cheerfully refunded.

4-PLY LINEN, 2100 FINE, COLLARS 7 CENTS. CUFFS 11 CENTS.

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HIS FIRST WIFE.

CHAPTER I. A FATAL JOURNEY. "If I were to die, Edred, would you marry again?"

Captain Blount looked up from the paper, surprised at such an unusual question. "Well, no, my dear; though second matrimony is the best compromise one can pay the first partner of one's joys."

"Nonsense. Second marriages are horrible," she said, with more vehemence than the occasion demanded. "If, when I die, you have another wife, I'll come and haunt you both."

"There is not much prospect of your playing ghost," he laughed, with a glance at the lady's florid, healthy face; "so it's not worth while to discuss the subject. I am deep in a splendid article on military tactics."

After this there was silence in the sunny breakfast room. The Captain was engrossed with the newspaper, and his wife sat thoughtfully stirring her coffee. A cloud was on her brow; ever and anon she shot an angry look at her husband. At last she burst out—

"For goodness sake leave off reading and say something." "What is there to say?" he asked reasonably enough.

"You found plenty," she retorted bitterly, "when we were first married. You found my conversation more interesting than stupid politics or tactics then."

"My dear Lavinia, how absurd you are. We have been married ten years; I am nearly 40, and you are less than a third of a husband, are no children."

"You are very rude," she said, with a hot, angry tear rising to her eye. "And you evidently require a change of air. Your nerves are out of order. Why not go North on a visit to your Aunt Claire?"

"I think I will," she said, seizing with her usual impulsiveness on the new idea. "I'll go this very day and take Aunt Claire by surprise. To tell the truth, I am rather sick of our job-trot existence. You are always at the club, and the only friends we have are chess playing, whist playing gites of yours. The women—well, I never got on with women, nor they with me."

The Captain sighed. It had always been a sore point with him—this feminine ostracism to which his wife had been subjected. It reminded him more than ever of the ill-breeding and bad temper of the woman he had chosen. It was, as he argued, a bad sign when her own sex were less than a third of a husband, and he was no childless.

However, he talked easily enough about the proposed journey, looked up the trains, and gave Lavinia full directions as to traveling. "Then he bid her good-by and went off to the city, where he had some business to transact."

Mrs. Blount made immediate preparations for leaving home. There was much to be done—domestic matters to arrange, baggage, and so forth. But long before noon she was ready to go.

"Good-bye," she muttered angrily, as she surveyed herself in the swing glass. It reflected the tall buxom figure of a woman on the steady side of 30. Her face was florid, her eyes were blue, her hair was of that nondescript dusty brown known as mouse color, but it was fine and thick. Ten years before she must have been a pretty, jaunty blonde, but now she was coarsening in the way plump blondes will.

She was richly but rather loudly dressed

shrouded heap which was drawn a little aside from the rest. He was told that it consisted of mutilated remains, charred beyond recognition, and that the bones of James had left no sign of humanity—in those twisted, blackened features.

He would never know whether Lavinia had met her death, but he told himself it was certain. The bones were long and slender, like those of a woman, and he felt absolutely sure that he was widowed. Now she was dead, he forgot her later faults and thought of her only with tenderness. Poor Lavinia.

CHAPTER II. A SECOND MARRIAGE—AND AFTER. It was late in the afternoon—afternoon at Palermo—and an Englishman was strolling along the Corso. With his fair sunburnt face, blonde mustache and loose-fitting tweed suit, he formed a striking contrast to the pedestrians who thronged the footpath.

They were principally men, and wore long, loose cloaks, which they drew in muffled folds around them. The women were dressed in—

It was the hour for fashionable outdoor exercises, and everybody with any pretensions to gentility had his carriage. Captain Blount walked moodily along the narrow street. The tall houses, with their heavy overhanging balconies, threw dark shadows across the road and made even a brilliant June day appear dreary. Now and then, as the Englishman glanced up at the windows, he would catch glimpses of women seated watching the throng. They gazed like jewels in a gloomy setting—those dark-eyed Southern beauties with their bright-haired bodies and elaborate ornaments.

Suddenly there was a block in the long line of vehicles, and Blount heard his name called out by a hearty English voice. He turned in surprise to the carriage from which the voice came, and confronted his old friend, Colonel Seton. The two men shook hands cordially and through the mists of each other's memory a memory of other days—days spent under a hot Indian sun. They had not met since Blount was sent to India.

"Delighted to see you," cried the general. "But, my dear fellow, how are you looking. Surely that old wound—"

"Never gives me a twinge," returned the other. "The fact is, I've had a trouble. I'd rather not talk about it, but I'll tell you. Of course not, of course not," assented the veteran. "Pussy and I must try to cheer you up. You remember Pussy—my daughter Kathleen?"

"I should think so; the prettiest little fairy in the world and the pet of the station. Why, Colonel, she must be grown up now. How old it makes one feel."

"Grown up, O'grova up, she is. She's quite an elegant young lady, is Pussy. Come, jump in, Blount, and let me drive you to the Villa Masquada. We are staying there, and you and Kathleen can renew your old acquaintanceship, which is impossible. Kathleen Seton was, indeed, an elegant young lady. Captain Blount could hardly believe his eyes. Was this Pussy—roughly, Pussy with white frocks, a wide blue sash, and the sunniest little prattling tongue possible? Had she really turned out such a beauty? For Kathleen's wondrous hazel eyes, exquisitely pure complexion, and clear-cut features certainly entitled her to the distinction of such a term.

She and the Captain were soon capital friends. "I always liked you better than the others when I was a wee thing in India," she said one day. And the soldier's heart beat with a strange new pleasure as he looked down at the Irish girl's face.

"Was it possible?" he asked impatiently. "That he had been fool enough to fall in love with the child? Fool or no, he soon knew that he had in very truth fallen for Kathleen. He was a man of middle-aged and matter of fact as he had

often dubbed himself to Lavinia. Poor Lavinia! Dead and nearly forgotten. He decided to leave Palermo, and forget his folly. But one June day the three—Kathleen, her father and Blount—went for an excursion to a tiny fishing village some distance round the coast. It was a holiday, and all the village folks were holding a certain sort of festival. Blount was a young man when they were married, and the women, according to custom, sat at the doors looking on.

"How light-hearted they seem," said Blount, as he gazed at the throng, turned away and went down to the seashore. "God," cried the Colonel irritably, "those young blades would not foot it so merrily had they the gout in their toes as I have. Look here, Blount, you and Kathleen can go on if you choose, but I'll rest here awhile."

So the two strayed together along the yellow sands. Kathleen stooped now and then to pick up some exquisitely tinted shell. "What a lovely place this is," she said with a sigh, "and how happy we have been. I shall never have such a delightful time again."

"Nonsense. You have life before you. You will marry, and your honeymoon will be more interesting than this fog has been, and you will be wiser. I may not be wiser, but I'm not you, for instance."

A cloud darkened his good-looking face, and a sudden impulse made him take the girl's pink palm in his. "You are mistaken. I have been married. Shall I tell you about it?"

"If you please," she said, with grave surprise and a shy upward glance from her hazel eyes. "You are mistaken. I have been married. Shall I tell you about it?"

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for good had not a copy of the Times given me intelligence of your marriage to a Miss Seton. Who is she? What is she like? I suppose it was that child of a girl who came with you to the moon. She will have to go."

"Not so fast, Lavinia," he said quietly, though his blood was boiling at the insult to Kathleen. I must be sure of your identity first."

She gave a scornful laugh. "That is good. You wish to prove the identity of your own wife. A capital joke, Edred, but it won't get you out of your difficulty."

He sighed heavily. Too well he knew that not a doubt lingered in his mind. She was his wife, and Kathleen, sweet, innocent Pussy—he sniggered when he thought of the curse he had brought on her.

He thought of the happiness which he had tasted for the last 12 months—the misery of reunion with the woman at his side, and, as he thought, he grew to hate her.

"Curse you," he said, forgetting her sex and the relation he held to her, "for a vile trickster. I wish to heaven that you could feel one-half the pain you have brought on me. Let me get out of your sight. Let me forget you ever crossed my path."

"Not till you have said when you will meet me again. It must be soon. I am in no mood for trifling. This is Christmas Eve. Shall we say the day after to-morrow?"

"Give me longer," he pleaded. "Till the new year. I must have time to think on my course of action."

"You are not overwarm in your welcome," she said scornfully, "but I will be generous. Meet me at three o'clock on New Year's Day in the British Museum. And mind, she concluded threateningly, "if you break the appointment, I shall go straight to the woman who thinks herself your wife."

"I will come," he said briefly and with no other word hurried away. He wandered blindly along the lonely streets in the teeth of driving wind and snow. He could only think of Kathleen. Would that the golden summer days in Sicily had never been; would that he had never seen that lovely girlish beauty.

CHAPTER IV. FOUND OUT. How the idea took root in his mind he never knew; but there it was, and it grew and grew till a faint hope came with it.

"What if this woman was an impostor? It was a wild hope, considering that Lavinia's voice still rang in his ears. Lavinia's face was ever before him.